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ANDRO GEMMEL.  
He was called the “King of the Beggars,” and  
...was very fond of playing off little *jeux d'esprit*  
...of his own formation. Once, as a priest was going  
...to his church, he espied Andro on the road, serenely  
...in the most profound meditation, pondering  
...deeply, “with leaden eye that loves the ground,”  
...on something lying in the way, and stepping serious-  
...ly round it. The clergyman came up, and said,  
...“Well, Andro, what's this that seems to be puzz-  
...ling you so? For my part, I see nothing but a  
...horse-shoe on the road.” “Dear me!” returned  
...the Gibebrunner, with uplifted hands, “what does  
...that fair do!—has glared at that shoe now the  
...best part of an hour, and I don't take me if I  
...could say whether it was a horse-shoe or a magic-  
...shoe.” This is Walter Scott's *Edith Ochilvie*.

...dark,  
...blood,  
...your "hark"  
...his angry bark,  
...ing blood.

Stream dyed red,  
...waters sped,  
...night,  
...which erst so fast had bled,  
...for its owner dead  
...his struggling spirit.

...his heart still beat,  
...rains still struggled with ruthless death,  
...the stars were tried by weeping feet,  
...darkness grew shorter the panting breath.

But why should you lights mid heaps of the dying?  
And why should the soldiers distracted around?  
Why are the children and matrons a sighing?  
To the him, whom the sought, not yet is found.

And lo! lo! lo! then they seek,  
They search for the slain, "mid the heaps of the dead,  
...their spirit not yet had fled.

But why they seek in the forest—the torch  
...in the waves to search,  
...the waves they still cry:  
...the waves they still cry:  
...the waves they still cry:

But no!—he is claimed on the prize of grim death,  
And glides up his soul with a sigh.

And oh! what a sight next day was seen,  
When the forest's stream was search'd—  
...I was  
...there were hearts that would gladly have burst,  
...When the bloody scene was seen swimming along,  
...As the bells toll'd mournfully, ding, ding, ding,  
...ding!

(If I write any more I'll be curs'd!)  
NEBUCHADNEZZAR.

A person lately engaged for a lot of a dozen of  
...a line of one hundred yards (keeping  
...in the cemetery) in twenty four hours. However,  
...upon a rough calculation of the distance he would  
...have to travel being shown him, he chose to forgo  
...rather than be led to the stake. We should own  
...an obligation for a correct statement of the distance  
...that a line would traverse in such a manner.

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MAGISTER



# The Saturday Evening

PHILADELPHIA, DECEMBER 4, 1834.

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## ORIGINAL POETRY.

### MUSIC.

Oh! I have not an echo to give,  
To living and to living;  
To wait for a word from heaven,  
And wing the way to heaven!

Oh! I have not an echo to give,  
To living and to living;  
To wait for a word from heaven,  
And wing the way to heaven!

Now I have heard the trampling sound,  
The gentle note of tender sadness,  
Which spreads a visionary sound,  
More dear, more low, than strains of gladness!

Oh! I have not an echo to give,  
To living and to living;  
To wait for a word from heaven,  
And wing the way to heaven!

Now I have felt in each an hour,  
The swelling heart's sad melody;  
But when the magic of that power,  
Which hushes every fear away, is o'er.

WILFRED.

### PLEASURE.—By JOHN RAY.

And the heart's throb is sweet,  
When the flow of pleasure flows;  
When the heart's throb is sweet,  
When the flow of pleasure flows.

The restless youth who haunts the scene,  
Where luxury and beauty dwell;  
Will tell thee pleasure's vain dream,  
On earth's transient and changeable wheel.

When virtue, love, and honor are near,  
Then joy is found in the heart;  
And pleasure leads the laughing crew,  
Oh! Godless, here they raise the howl,  
And deign to dress our God with frowns.

### TO MISS REBECCA K.

Look around on the pale face of Nature, and see  
What the cold, chilling breath of Autumn have done!  
The leaves are withered from each leafy tree,  
And the meadow's green verdure is bright and gone;  
No more in the valley now pleasure the eye,  
With the beautiful hue it display'd in the spring,  
For there each gay flower did wither and die,  
And the wood-robin fled and the lark left to sing!

But think not, Rebecca, that every flower  
Hath fallen a victim to Autumn's cold blast;  
See the rose in the valley that lives but an hour,  
There's one in the heart that will eternally last;  
Like the violet open to the morning dew,  
As fragrant and fresh with the morn's early dew,  
As when it first fell from its fountain of light!

Then cherish, dear girl, the love's plant in its prime;  
'Twill gladden thee often on life's dreary way,  
And when we're engulph'd in the abyss of time,  
With thee it will bloom in the regions of day!

LUCIEN.

### TO A CHRISTIAN FRIEND

#### IN THE COUNTRY.

When winter mounds his gusty ear and his,  
Hurling deep snow through the cloud-choked sky;  
Or stopping, looks in icy chains the food,  
And clothes in glistening robes the naked wood,  
When all the forms that crown his yearly birth  
Conspire to testify the man of earth,  
The Christian sees his God in every storm,  
In wind, or hail, or sun, or every form.

When Spring unveils the streamlets to your view,  
And bids the meadow's verdure bloom anew;  
When with rich green the vernal air is plain,  
And budding flowers deck the various train;  
When the glad grove with vocal praise resounds,  
When all the charms that mark her annual round,  
The Christian sees in each Omnipotence.

When Summer o'er the fields advancing gay,  
Sports in the golden grain and new-mown hay;  
When the green foliage of the inviting bowers  
Affords a cool retreat from the sun's hot powers;  
When ripen'd fruits adorn her prospect way,  
When all her stores are open'd to the day,  
The humble Christian casts his eye abroad,  
And every blessing points him to his God.

When Autumn's riches in profusion lie  
O'er the wide sweep curbed by the sky;  
When every orchard rich abundance yields,  
And clustering grapes hang pendent o'er the fields;  
When all the blessings that the eye can scan,  
Grow in their seasons for the good of man,  
The Christian's songs to Heaven's high portals raise,  
And every grateful heart offers with praise.

### TO MISS SARAH G.

I once lov'd the God of love,  
To teach the heart of kind fair,  
Who might a mutual fondness feed,  
And thereby shield me from despair.

Cupid was pleas'd to grant my pray,  
And look with pity from above;  
For such that hour I ne'er have felt  
The anguish of rejected love.

When Sarah's lovely face I saw,  
My heart did strange emotions feel;  
Her favour I receiv'd to court,  
And at her feet in supplication knelt.

To her I then reveal'd my love,  
And for her heart her eyes did speak;  
For such that hour I ne'er have felt  
The anguish of rejected love.

OCTAVIAN.

### THE MISANTHROPE.

There was no colour in his cheek, no splendour in his eye,  
None when that dark-eyed maiden came, like some bright vision;  
She was the only one that shone revivingly on him;  
And any other eye of fire had found him cold and dim.

He loved the solitary height, the all-ascending sea;  
And when the solemn night-winds swept the desert, there  
He lay, his midnight musings out, with taper lone and weak,  
With high-strung dream and steady deep marked sorrow on his cheek.

His soul was dark—too dark for earth's vain splendour to illumine;  
And only the dark picture to draw his feelings from the tomb.  
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There is a coldness in the soul which cannot be subdued by love;  
When we can't pride ourselves to catch an heart of suffering;  
To tell the gloomy tale of those who at her feet expire,  
By one whose heart is dry, and cold as every mortal's fire.

It doth not wear wild Phrygia's air of gaiety or rage—  
The face is but the broken heart's fit and expressive page;  
And cannot bring a single smile, as if devoid of care,  
When all beneath the living skin is cold and burning there.

This soul, distinctly dark, comes, like a storm, on wings;  
And deeper than the storm, it comes, from woman's life within;  
What wonder was it to be lonely, retired in heart and hope—  
What nature never destined living within solitude?

## THE MORALIST.

### HUMAN LIFE.

"Life's little stage," says Young, is a small eminence—  
But high above the grave, that final home of man, where dwells the untold multitude,  
We look around—we read their monuments—we sigh—and, as we sigh, we sink, and are what we deplored—  
Lamenting, or lamented, all our lot."

These sacred truths, though summarily expressed, are replete with interesting admonitions.  
"We are apt to think this life of ours immortal, and to bestow no attention to the narrow limits, destined, sooner or later, to confine it; thus thinking, we live and act, on many occasions, repugnant to that virtue and justice, which we should admire, venerate, and practice, did we call to mind the uncertainty of our prospects and duration here, and the certainty of an hereafter, in which we are to be rewarded, or punished, according to the good or bad deeds done in this life."

A grave yard is both instructive to the mind, and wholesome to the soul. While it ridicules the idea of any other superiority in human nature, than that of worth and virtue, it demonstrates, that death huris his darts alike at all; and that, in the grave, all share one common fate, to moulder and decay; and as we pass on, from stone to stone, from tomb to tomb, and either reflect upon the inscriptions or upon the actions, which distinguish the persons they mark, a voice seems continually ascending to our ears, saying, "Live righteously, that you may die good and live again to immortality of happiness and glory!"

### DISSOLUTION.

Now you are prepared to understand how it will be with man when he is disembodied. "The body, which contained the senses, is mouldering in the grave; the hollow places where the ball of the eye did roll in its beauty, and the ear sat pleased in her vocal chambers, are passages for the worms to creep in and out, to their feast, upon the finer organs of the brain, where the soul had her council-chamber; and the finely woven nerves of taste and smell, which call upon every clime of the earth for entertainment with all the beauty which nature provided with her cunning hand upon the outward form of man, are now overreached by the clammy and contagious fingers of corruption, and some feet of earth, hide their ugly dissolution from the view and knowledge of mankind."  
The link is broken and rusted away which joined the soul to the enjoyments or the troubles of the present world. No new material investments are given to it, whereby to move again in the midst of wakeful sense, by which intrusion may come as heretofore into the chambers of her consciousness. Till the resurrection she shall be disunited, and then, being rejoined by her former companions, they shall be submitted to material scenes, again to suffer and enjoy.

It was a beautiful turn, given by a great lady, who being asked where her husband was, when he lay concealed for having been deeply concerned in a conspiracy, resolutely answered that she had hidden him. This confession caused her to be brought before the Governor, who told her that nothing but her confession where she had hidden him could save her from the torture. "And will that do?" said she. "Yes," replied the Governor. "I will pass my word for your safety on that condition." "Then," said she, "I have hid him in my heart, where you may find him." This surprising answer charmed her enemies.

### FOR THE SATURDAY EVENING POST.

"How much unlike their manly side of old."—Goldsmith.

The increasing folly and dissipation of our young men of the present day, must be a source of deep regret to every reflecting mind. In former times, the young men of our most wealthy families were accustomed, from their infancy, to such habits of industry and economy as were calculated to render them respectable citizens and valuable members of society. In those days, the Farmer's son was to be found attending his father in the field, and by his exertions endeavouring to obtain for his family that independent station in society to which the Farmers of our country are so justly entitled. In the Merchant's counting-house, the son was to be seen regularly and industriously assisting the father in the transaction of his affairs, thereby attaining a knowledge of business and trade, and preparing himself to take the station of his father, when his resignation, or death, should call him to supply his place upon 'change; and those of our youth who were destined for the Pulpit, the Bar, or any of the learned professions, were mild, modest, studious and retiring. These times and these men have passed away, and what a different picture does the manners of the present times present! The field of the Farmer, the desk of the Merchant, and the closet of the Student, are deserted and forsaken!

We shall find the young Farmer besotted at the ale-house fire-side, or staking his plantations on a horse race, and the youth of our cities, wasting their days and nights in taverns and cellars, in a continued round of riot and debauchery! Amidst the circle of our own acquaintance, do we not find hundreds of young men, possessing all the advantages of education and fortune, sunk in dissipation, or wasting their time in frivolous and vulgar amusements? To them the charms of social life, and all the endearing blandishments of refined society, have no attraction—female beauty and accomplishments are neglected; and we find them herding with the guilty and abandoned outcasts of the community. Taverns, gaming houses, and brothels, have become fashionable resorts, and swearing and blasphemy fashionable accomplishments.

Nothing can be of more importance to a nation than the morals of her youth; if they be pure and virtuous, she may look forward to future honour and advancement; if corrupt and impure, to future degradation and disgrace! The Roman Empire flourished and expanded as long as

the Roman people maintained their virtuous simplicity; when they became corrupt and effeminate she sunk to decay; and no two pictures can be more opposite, than the one of her first nobly proclaiming to the insulting Gaul, the custom of her people to ransom their country with iron, and not gold, and that of her fair-haired knights, advancing against Hannibal, bedecked with jewels and performed with essences.

It is a subject of common complaint with us, that we have fallen, as a nation, from our first works, and forsaken our original republican simplicity. We hear of Levees at Washington, and read of Honourable gentlemen, the custom of our public affairs; that there are cuts in the Treasury Department, cuts in the Post Office Department; and that our rights and liberties are bartered and sold in Legislative Congresses!

If things be so, "how have the mighty fallen!" If we now, in the infancy of our existence, have become rotten at the core, the time is near at hand when we must moulder to decay, and the state of the morals of our rising generation holds forth to us the prospect of a speedy dissolution.

"SANCTE."

FROM THE MONTHLY MAGAZINE OF OCTOBER, 1834.

## THE LADIES.

[Translated from the French.]

The critics of the fair sex tell us they are vain, frivolous, ignorant, coquetical, capricious, and what not. Unjust that we are! It is the fabric of the Lion and the Man. But since the ladies have become authors, they can take their revenge, were they not too generous for such a passion. Through they have learned to paint, their sketches of man are gentle and kind.

But if the ladies were, what silly misanthropes call them, who is to blame? Is it not we who spoil—who correct—who reduce them?

Is it surprising that a pretty woman should be vain, when we daily praise to her face her charms, her taste, and her wit? Can we blame her vanity, when we tell her that nothing can resist her attractions,—that there is nothing so barbarous which she cannot soften,—nothing so elevated that she cannot subdue? when we tell her that her eyes are brighter than day,—that her form is fairer than summer,—more refreshing than spring,—that her lips are vermilion,—that her skin combines the whiteness of the lily with the incarnation of the rose?

Do we censure a fine woman as frivolous, when we undecisively tell her, that no other study becomes her but that of varying her pleasures; that she requires no talent but for the arrangement of new parties,—no ideas beyond the thought of the afternoon's amusement? Can we blame her frivolity, when we tell her that her hands were not made to touch the needle, or to soil their whiteness in domestic employments? Can we blame her frivolity, when we tell her, that the look of seriousness chases from her cheek the dimple in which the Loves and the Graces wanton; that reflection clouds her brow with care; and that she who thinks, sacrifices the smile that makes beauty charm, and the gaiety that renders wit attractive?

How can a pretty woman fail to be ignorant, when the first lesson she is taught is that beauty supercedes and dispenses with every other quality; that all she needs to know, is that she is pretty; that to be intelligent, is to be pedantic; and that to be more learned than one's neighbour, is to incur the reproach of absurdity and affectation?

Shall we blame her for being a coquette, when the indiscriminate flattery of every man teaches her that the homage of one is as good as that of another? It is the same darts, the same flames, the same beams, the same coxcombs. The man of sense, when he attempts to compliment, recommends the art of the beau, since he condescends to do with awkwardness what a monkey can do with grace. With all she is a goddess, and all men are equally mortals. How can she prefer, when there is no superiority; or be constant, when there is no merit?

Is she capricious? Can she be otherwise, when she hears that the universe must be proud to wait her commands,—that the utmost of a lover's hopes, is to be the humblest of her slaves,—that to fulfil the least of her commands, is the highest ambition of her adorer?

And are men so unjust as to censure the idols made by their own hands? Let us be just: let us begin the work of reformation. When men cease to flatter, women will cease to deceive; when men are wise, women will be wise to please. The ladies do not force the state of the men; they only adapt themselves to it. They may corrupt and be corrupted;—they may improve and be improved.

## BEAUTY.

The following, respecting the preservation of the beauty of young ladies, is from the Medical Adviser:

ON RESTORING COLOUR TO THE FACE.

1st. Let her go to bed at ten o'clock—nine if she pleases. She must not grumble because she may not sleep for the first night or two, and thus lie ruminating on the nocturnal pleasures from which she has cut herself off, but persist steadily for a few nights, when she shall find that habit will produce as happy a sleep as that which followed a late ball.

2d. Let her rise about six o'clock in summer and eight in winter, immediately brush her mouth well with a tooth brush and cold water, then take a table spoonful of the following mixture:

Of decoction of bark, six ounces,  
Of tincture of bark, one ounce,  
Of diluted sulphuric acid, one drachm.  
Mix; after which, breakfast within an hour.

3d. Her breakfast should be something more solid than a cup of trashy tea and a thin slice of bread and butter. She should take an egg or two, a little cold meat, or a cup of chocolate.

4. She should not sit at reading romances all day by the fire, or indulge herself with thinking upon the perfidy of false swains, or the despair of a pining damsel, but bustle about, walk or ride, or make puddings; and when she feels hungry, eat a mutton chop or a custard, with a glass of wine.

5th. Let her dine upon mutton or beef without fat, but she need not turn away occasionally from a fowl or any thing equally as good; only observe to drink but little during dinner.

6th. She must not take three or four cups of tea, but one or two, and pretty strong, at about two hours after dinner.

7th. Let her eat a custard for supper, or a basin of mango and wine, or any light thing of the kind, and then in a little time after let her go to bed.

8th. Let her read, if she will read, no idle away love tales, but humorous works, so as to keep the mind unincumbered with heavy thoughts.

## AMERICAN SCENERY.

By Mrs. BAKER.

Although the scenery of our country excites none of the classical recollections inseparable from the contemplation of the dilapidated temple of Greece and Italy, and has none of the air of romance which is shrouded around the ruins of the feudal castles and Monks' institutions, still it is of the most sublime and beautiful character. Our mountains, forests, lakes, canyons, and rivers, are unrivalled in extent and majesty. While the outline of country is on so extended a scale, nature has filled up the details of the picture with those milder beauties of highland and vale, diversified with wood, lawn, and rivulet, which are the favourite themes of the poet, and offer such happy subjects for the pencil of the painter.

But with all these beauties spread out before us, with the exception of some views from the North River, and a few from spots in our own neighbourhood, very little has been done in landscape painting. For this neglect our metropolis can offer no excuse, as one of our own citizens stands first in America in this department of the graphic art; his works fairly challenging a comparison with the most admired productions of the European schools;—and, as every one who has made a tour up the Schuylkill must know, that the portfolio of an artist might readily be filled with sketches from its charming scenery. This river, from its sources among the savage mists of the Blue Mountains, to its junction with the Delaware, meanders through a singularly picturesque country, and its interest is greatly increased by numerous and important works of art. It is crossed by noble bridges—it is thrown into falls by extensive dams, and on its banks are Mount Carbon, and other rich coal mines, canals, manufactories, mills, towns, and the water-works at Fair Mount, besides such villas as Lemon Hill, Lansdowne, and the Woodlands.

In examining the causes of this neglect, I am forced to attribute it, in a great measure, to our ladies. It does violence to the feelings of a Cavalier to make the assertion, yet, in sober earnest, it must be said, that they evince a striking want of taste. This assertion is borne out by these facts:—To them is committed the furnishing and decoration of our parlours, and they select the most beautiful ornaments for the mantles—they purchase side-boards, lounges, tables and chairs of the most approved patterns, and they arrange the drapery so as to fall in the most graceful folds from richly gilt cornices; but the walls are merely covered with paper, and pictures are quite out of fashion!

Now, Messrs. Editors, as the extensive circulation of your weekly miscellany, is a certain evidence that our ladies are not destitute of a love of polite literature, let me beg you to use your influence to excite among them a fondness for the liberal arts of Painting and Engraving. Let them but take up the subject with proper zeal, and we shall have no longer to complain, that

"Our western world, with all its matchless floods,  
Our vast transparent lakes and boundless woods,  
Stamp'd with the traits of majesty sublime,  
Unhonour'd, weep the silent lapse of time."

From the National Advocate.

## SPECTACLES AND EYE GLASSES.

May all be classed under these terms: Convex, Plane, and Concave. The convex, or, in other words, magnifying glasses, are for eyes that have failed by age, or have been otherwise impaired in their structure. The plane glasses are commonly green, and neither magnify nor have any other effect than to shade the eye from that glare of light which is apt to irritate tender eyes. The concave are directly the reverse of those which have failed by age or other causes. They are for eyes that are near-sighted. Near-sightedness is never the effect of age, nor of excesses; but is owing to the natural formation of the eye; a formation which, though it differs from the ordinary standard, can hardly be called a defect; for, at though deprived of some advantages, it is possessed of others in a superior degree. Near-sighted eyes are more powerful in discerning minute objects; and are, therefore, best for engravers and other artists, who, if not near-sighted, have to borrow aid from magnifying glasses. Age, instead of impairing near-sighted eyes, changes them to the ordinary standard of good eyes. The disadvantage of near-sightedness is, that objects beyond the distance of a few inches, appear with less distinctness; and, therefore, the near-sighted person loses much of the pleasures and advantages of sight, if without the happy aid of concave glasses.

Convex glasses are not useful in viewing distant objects; and concave ones are not useful in viewing close ones. Both obstruct the sight, when applied contrary to their appropriate use.

Hence, if the trouble of wearing spectacles when riding or walking, is less than when reading or writing, or at work, it would seem that, if obliged in any part of life to use spectacles, it were better in the former part.

## NEAR-SIGHTED.

Specimens of a Patent Pocket Dictionary.

ABRIDGMENT.—Any thing contracted into a small compass; such, for instance, as the Abridgment of the Statutes, in fifty volumes folio.

ABUSIVE.—Any thing advanced by our opponents, contrary to our own practice, or above our comprehension.

ACCOMPLISHMENTS.—In women, all that can be supplied by the dancing master, music master, waltz maker, and milliner. In men, tying a cravat, talking nonsense, playing at billiards, dressing like a groom, and driving like a coachman.

ADVISE.—Almost the only commodity which the world refuses to receive, although it may be had gratis, with an allowance to those who take a quantity.

ALDERMAN.—A ventri-potential citizen, into whose Mediterranean mouth good things are perpetually flowing, although none come out.

BABIES.—Noisy, lactivorous animalcula, much denigrated by those who never had any.

BARBECUED.—Plausibly derived by Junius from the Greek word for *barb*, and by Spelman from *barbatus*, a cudgel, because he deserves it. An useless appendage of society.

BACKBAND.—A mode of dressing, introduced by Gode, and recommended by the Holy Alliance.

BART.—One animal imported from the East Indies to torture a second of the same species.

BAGS.—One who gets his hands into the pockets of others.

BALL.—An assembly for the purpose of dancing, when the old ladies stand in a row against one another for support, and the young ones do the same for husbands.

BIRD.—An article in which we are very fond, and possess the happiest portion of our human nature which we possess.

BIRD'S EYE.—See WATER.

BROTHER'S VANDER.—See VANDER.

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ed, and pay my husband's expenses.



Convenience of those who may honour him with their company. His bar is stored with the richest and best liquors and by a strict attention to business, he hopes to secure the future encouragement of his friends and the public generally.—Commodore Stirling being attached to his establishment. Travellers will find for convenience, and a



